Volume LXXIV CHICAGO, OCTOBER 15, 1914 Number 7

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

THE ARMY HORSES.

Once they ploughed the fruitful field,
Helped the reaper gain its yield,
Came to eve with sweet content,
Browsing when the day was spent;
Now they lie with mangled hide,
Fallen in the carnage tide.

Now they wage the battle hot,
Plunging under shell and shot;
Bearing dealers of the death,
Charging in the cannon's breath,
Till in agony they hide,
Fallen in the carnage tide.

What to them the sounding phrase
Which excuses bloody ways?
Honor, place or racial stem,
Slav or Teuton, what to them,
Torn and dead, or death denied,
Fallen in the carnage tide?

Theirs was not the chance to say
Words of peace to save the day.
The Creator made them dumb—
They who could not hush the drum
Yet are one with those who ride,
Fallen in the carnage tide.

—*McLandburgh Wilson.*

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 99
Four Notable Books 101
CONTRIBUTED—
A Great Citizen—The Life of Gerrit Smith—Chapter XIX.—Charles Edwin Perkins 103
My Library—No. XVI.—Smith Baker 104
POETRY—
The Army Horses.—*McLandburgh Wilson* 97
Io Victis.—*W. W. Story* 99
The Atheist.—Mary Stebbins Savage 102
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—
Lesson XXIX. The Martyrdom of Isaiah 107
THE STUDY TABLE—
Choice Books.—E. P. Powell 108
THE HOME—
Helps to High Living 109
The Battle of Blenheim.—*Robert Southey* 109
Blonde Indians.—*The American Boy* 109
THE FIELD—
The Ministers' Institute.—Napoleon S. Hoagland 110
How Governments May Ruin Peoples.—*American Review of Reviews* 111
The Reference Librarian.—*Edmund Lester Pearson* 111

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXIV. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1914. Number 7

IO VICTIS!

I sing the hymn of the conquered, who fell in the Battle of Life,—
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife;
Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resounding acclaim
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet of fame,
But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the broken in heart,
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate part;
Whose youth bore no flower on its branches, whose hopes burned in ashes away,
From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at, who stood at the dying of day
With the wreck of their life all around them, unpitied, unheeded, alone,
With Death swooping down o'er their failure, and all but their faith overthrown.

While the voice of the world shouts its chorus,—its paean for those who have won;
While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high to the breeze and the sun
Glad banners are waving, hands clapping, and hurrying feet
Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors, I stand on the field of defeat,
In the shadow, with those who have fallen, and wounded, and dying, and there
Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain-knotted brows, breathe a prayer,
Hold the hand that is helpless, and whisper, "They only the victory win,
Who have fought the good fight, and have vanquished the demon that tempts us within;
Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize that the world holds on high;
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight,—if need be, to die."
Speak, History! Who are Life's victors? Unroll thy long annals, and say,
Are they those whom the world called the victors—who won the success of a day?
The martyrs, or Nero? The Spartans who fell at Thermopylae's tryst,
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges or Socrates? Pilate or Christ?

—*W. W. Story.*

Current Opinion is expecting much from Benedict XV, the new Pope. There are indications, it thinks, that the attitude of the Vatican against socialism will be modified, that the campaign against modernism will be ameliorated, and that "a policy of conciliation with the modern world is to be the note of the new Pontiface." Perhaps this new and scholarly Pope will break the fiction of being in prison at the Vatican and will go forth into the Italian world and resume the activities of diplomacy which have been at once the disgrace and the glory of that great section of Christianity known as Roman.

John Haynes Holmes, successor to Robert Collyer in the New York pulpit, gives in the *Christian Register* for October 1 an interesting study of his pulpit readings for the last ten years, which shows how unwittingly the mind selected the golden passages in the Bible. With a list equally instructive he shows how the free mind fared forth beyond the confines of Jewish and Christian scripture in search of other passages from "holy writ," not because of poverty but because of the fullness of the Jewish and Christian Bible. Its spirit is contagious and effusive and when the pulpit enters into its fullness it will lay hold as Mr. Holmes has of whatever is to its purpose from the Hymn of Cleanthes to Whittier, from Lincoln and Walt Whitman to Tolstoy and Milton.

"The Union of Democratic Control" is the title of a movement started by Norman Angell and others looking towards a basis of peace when the time comes. This sounds encouraging. If peace comes only through the diplomacy of whipped leaders and as a compromise of exhausted kings, then indeed the calamity of the war will be without one redeeming feature or any reconciling consumptions. The rulers of all the nations involved have proved themselves unequal to the task of ruling. They stand convicted at the bar of justice. History will condemn them. New forces must assume command and these forces will be those of the people,—the toilers, the mothers, the teachers, the preachers, men of letters, those who have been educated by the catastrophes of war to hate crowns, despise swords, to believe in and to direct the forces of democracy.

A lady in the columns of the *Christian Commonwealth,* published in London, sets in circulation a passage from John Edward Lloyd's "History of Wales," which tells of how the monks of Bangor gathered together in a safe retreat, but near and in sight of a raging battle, to "emplore the blessing of God upon the arms of their fellow countrymen." But when the leader of the opposing army was instructed as to the nature of the strange spectacle he ordered his troops to "forthwith carry by storm the citadel of prayer," and said, "If they cry to their God against us, they fight against us as surely as do those who bear weapons." Militant piety has drenched many fair fields

with human blood, and an appeal to the God of Battle has hardened many a human heart. There are no weapons more carnal than those which infuriate the mind that directs the campaign, sustains the arm that wields the sword.

"The Arrival of the Aeroplane as a Weapon of War" is the title of an interesting article in *Current Opinion* for October. What has become of that humane promise in the early days of air navigation that no man would be brutal enough to carry weapons of battle into the air? Perhaps only the remoteness of the possibility kept the Hague Conference from declaring themselves more authoritatively on this subject. But why not? This is but one more refinement in "civilized" warfare, one more triumph of mind, one more evidence of a misplaced confidence of the human soul. Humanity is over-reaching itself; the triumph of brains is proving the inadequacy of brains and the futility of skill when it outreaches conscience and leaves the spiritual forces behind. Perhaps the world is about ready to renew its faith in spirit, to proceed to bring the religious nature of man forward so that it may be aligned with the physical triumphs and the material skill achieved. These without the other are curses bringing calamities.

A learned German pastor, until recently occupying an honorable place in the faculty of the University of Erlanger, in a recent article on Germany in the reign of Emperor William II, discussed the question of orthodoxy and its survivals, the conclusions of which as epitomized by *Current Opinion* are that the doctrine of the verbal inspiration of the scriptures is absolutely and forever gone, the supernaturalistic conception of biblical history as the only record of a divine plan has become entirely untenable, that the "biblical teachings" as interpreted by the scholars are not identical with church teachings. Pastor Hunziker further urges that the "fundamental principles of the plan of salvation such as the divinity of Christ, are becoming the object of general skepticism," and this learned German is not alone among European scholars. The voice of Professor Seeborg of the University of Berlin has been heard amidst the din of battle fighting with bloodless weapons in the nobler and more reconciling war of reason against bigotry, the open mind against dogmatism, progress versus stationary conservatism.

It is sad to read of the downfall of the poets in this crisis of humanity. The passion of nationality, the blindness that secures intensity at the cost of breadth, has led even the poets to make simple that which is complex, to put the burden of blame on one power while on the other hand they would clothe with white gloves blood-stained and war-guilty nations. Alas for Kipling, Stephen Phillip, Alfred Noyes, William Watson, the hope of England; they too have fallen. Not that the high-handed guilt of Germany should be ameliorated, but that England in common with all the dreadnaught-building powers of the world, the United States included, is party to this atrocity, is a guilty promoter in this disgrace of the twentieth century civilization. In the last fifty years none of the big "Powers" delighting in a capital "P" can claim immunity from the horrible sowing of sin that has now come to its harvesting. The accursed diplomacy of the nineteenth century was "They all do it and you are another." According to current information Bernard Shaw seems to stand alone as disapproving of the war and stripping away any illusion of patriotism and nobility of England or any other country sharing in the conflict.

Nine different orthodox denominations in Chicago acting under the pretentious name of the "Federation of Christian Churches," recently urged upon Bishop Anderson the opportunity and the duty of his bringing the Episcopal churches of his diocese into the scheme. His reply was a significant one. He stayed out, as we understand him, because the Federation was too narrow. Its name was too pretentious; it claimed a union where such a thing did not exist and hinted at a religious organization in which forces of the Greek and Roman Catholic Churches, of Judaism, of Unitarianism and Universalism, of Christian Science and kindred organizations, might come together in deeds of helpfulness and in behalf of the causes of reason and progress without formulating a new separating creed or building anew the old barrier. The position of this liberal Bishop is as significant as it is timely, coming after the great out-pouring on Sunday, October 4, when the spacious Auditorium in Chicago overflowed and filled Grant Park with an earnest, thoughtful, quiet, prayerful multitude representing all creeds, many races and languages, in a protest against war and a united handclasp in the interest of peace. Bishop Anderson was one of the welcome speakers at this meeting.

In the recent sudden and much lamented death of the noble Henry W. Wilbur, a prominent leader of the progressive wing of the Society of Friends, the National Federation of Religious Liberals, a society called into being through his energy, lost its president and perhaps its active life. This federation of religious liberals with its headquarters in Philadelphia, like the Congress of Religion with its center in Chicago, and the older spiritual mother, the Free Religious Association at Boston, has stood and labored for an ideal, inspiring and destined to be all-conquering. These three societies have languished by the

way not because of the falsity of their dream but on account of its prophetic character. The time has not come, perhaps it will never come, for these societies to reach the representative potency of which they have dreamed. The organizations may halt because they inadequately represent the spirit they aim to embody. They necessitate a breadth which they themselves fail to reach. They have extended a cordial and helping hand to the outlying territories, the unorganized liberals and the non-Christianized world on the left of the line. Perhaps they have failed to justly appreciate the wealth of piety, the prophetic potency and spiritual vision that lies inside of the so-called orthodox and Catholic lines on the right. The scope of Bishop Anderson's dream, suggested in another note, gives a new commission to these societies or perhaps calls for a still larger synthesis farther on. So forever does the divine opportunity outspeed the most heroic human endeavor.

The Crisis for October has hit several nails upon the head at one stroke. It was a happy thought of this little monthly that aims to be "A Record of the Darker Races" to issue a "Children's Number" with photographs from life, nearly ninety in all, ranging from Frederick Douglass the Third through all the shades of color and the wide range of territory from Cuba to California. Apparently every state in the union is here represented: "pickaninnies" from Alabama and Mississippi, an adventurous youngster from Oklahoma and a thoughtful little chap from the District of Columbia who is quite unconscious of the solemn responsibility thrust upon him. Some one has said that God is reconciling a wicked world to himself in every new born babe. Surely these bewitching pictures, with their wonderful eyes, wistful faces, smiling and mischief-loving darlings, appeal irresistibly to artist, educator, philanthropist and devotee. Whatever tale of prejudice and cruelty, of tyranny and indignity to morals and religion lies behind these faces, they themselves preach innocence and purity. There may have been much "illegitimacy" in the parents but there are no illegitimate children here or elsewhere. To study these faces is to study a strange blending of yellow, black and white in a product that belongs to neither of the so-called "races" which are but streams of life ever shifting, ever tending towards each other, and ever precipitated by a law as inevitable as gravitation to some kind of a composite 'way down in the ages where the consciousness of human brotherhood will first rebuke and then supplant race pride and the cruelties and indignities that follow the same. We congratulate *The Crisis* on presenting to us the charming art gallery of baby pictures the center of which is an enlargement of the picture recently published in UNITY of the colored women's association held at Wilberforce, Ohio, August last.

Four Notable Books

Last week we wrote of *three* notable books which had reached the editorial table and spoke in some detail of Edward A. Steiner's "From Alien to Citizen." Such notice is logically associated with Abraham M. Rihbany's "A Far Journey," from the Houghton, Mifflin Press. Here is another "incredible story" realized in actual life, a story which no writer of fiction would have dared project upon a skeptical public. The name of Abraham Rihbany is not a strange name to the readers of UNITY. He occupies the pulpit of the Church of the Disciples in Boston, which is none other than the pulpit which won international fame as James Freeman Clarke's, and was touched with such a blessed "odor of sanctity" by the long ministry of the gentle saint, Charles G. Ames. The careful readers of UNITY will know that he won this pulpit through a humble but successful liberal ministry in the West, first at Mount Pleasant, Michigan, then at Toledo, Ohio. Mr. Rihbany is still a comparatively young man. In 1891 he landed in New York, a young man of twenty-three, with nine cents in his pocket. Nearly a half of the book is given to the story of his life in the far off Syrian home. He was born and reared in a two-room house in the shadow of Mt. Lebanon, a house of the primitive type that sheltered the Carpenter's Son at Nazareth. Mohammedans, Druses and the most primitive of Greek orthodox Christians constituted his spiritual environment. The heavy craft of a stone mason was his trade. His American story is not quite so involved as that of Mr. Steiner's as told in the interesting book noted last week, but like Mr. Steiner he came to this country an "educated man" as measured in the home land. Like Mr. Steiner he came to the ideal America. He was lured hither by the promises of democracy. He, like the man in Iowa, had to know the hard experiences of an immigrant. He had to break his way through the formidable wall of a foreign language and the more formidable prejudices and cruelties which even America visits upon its immigrants. There were seasons of uncongenial toil, sadder seasons of enforced idleness. There were times of hunger and "longings for death," and each triumph that followed cost a bitter price. At last there came into the life of the present Boston preacher that which has come into the life of the Iowa professor, a recognition and an opportunity, an appreciation and a realization that justified his boyish dreams. His wildest hopes have been exceeded. Both these men insist that they are not "freaks" but typical

characters, and the history of the United States and contemporary experience prove that this far-off eastern Europe and beyond is annually sending to our shores tides of life, multitudes of men and women, charged with ideals, thrilling with creative potency. And these constitute an invaluable asset to our nation.

Very different is this third book from the pens of Edwin Markham, Benjamin B. Lindsey and George Creel, from the press of Hearst's International Library Company, New York, entitled "Children in Bondage." But it is equally striking in character and commanding in its message. The table of contents is at once statement, argument, appeal and conclusion. Think of these topics, The Sacrifice of Golden Boys and Girls, The Crimson in Our Cotton, Little Slaves of the Lamp (Glass), The Sweat-Shop Inferno, The Cost of Coal, The Grind Behind the Holidays, The Smoke of Sacrifice, Spinners in the Dark (Silk), The Blight on the Easter Lilies, The Curse on the Canneries, The Great American Cancer, etc. To say that eleven of these chapters were written by the poet Edwin Markham is enough to prove that they are eloquent, full of burning indignation and ringing with high appeal. O, the shame and the blame of it all! The thousands of slain men on the battlefields of Europe stir the blood and arouse the heart, but not so sinful are these figures as those that tell of three hundred thousand babies dying in the United States annually under one year of age, half of them from preventable causes. They tell of little children's fingers "broken," as one of them said, by weariness in shelling peas and breaking beans for the canneries, in making flowers for the Easter bonnets and a thousand other woes brought upon childhood, the curse of which is to be prolonged beyond the sufferings of the helpless child in their imperfectly born progeny. Future men and women will be born tired, with distorted nerves and imperfect organs.

"Children in Bondage" is a terrible book, but to avoid the reading of it on that account is to do so at the peril of the future home and the future state. We know of one principal of a public graded school who has resolved to use it in her sociological instruction to her children. Let others go and do likewise.

At last the "Angel of the Joliet Prison," one who has ministered to "The Man Behind the Bars" for over three decades, has put some of her experiences into type. The book from the Scribner Press with the above title is a revelation of the heart life of men and women on both sides of prison bars. This book is as truthful as it is rare, as inspiring as it is sad. We have known Miss Winifred Louise Taylor these many years and her work has ever been of absorbing interest to us. This book is touched with spiritual encouragement and vital contributions to religious life. The story of Alfred Allen in Chapter IV is one in which the editor of UNITY had a part to play. Miss Taylor has, here as elsewhere, exercised most commendable conservatism. She has undertold the story, she has suppressed for brevity and other reasons interesting elements in the story.

Many have contributed to the science of penology; learned books laden with important facts and figures, have been published, but we are sure that all of the writers who have known of the work of Miss Taylor with the prisoners of Joliet, Illinois, will make room for this book on their shelves as a most valuable addition to their libraries. They will welcome it as a reinforcement, and, when necessary, a criticism. upon their reasonings and conclusions. This is a book as tender as it is true and strong, and we plead for the study of it. It is a book for lawyers, for judges on the bench, for governors in office, as it is for mothers and preachers and teachers.

We are glad that Miss Taylor has lived long enough to be able to say that she has lived to see more and better reforms in the penitentiary at Joliet than she had ever dreamed could be realized, and that after these many years of heart confidences, as well as careful head plannings, she can say of these friends of hers "behind the bars" that "never once did one of these men betray my trust."

THE ATHEIST.

He is the warder of the wicked ones
  Behind grim walls;
He guards the wandering souls, and lost,
  In labyrinth beneath
The great false bottom of the world;
  Armed with fell power,
He rules the realm of hopefulness;
  Long since he fell away
From Him who took the lost lamb to His breast;
  He does not recognize
The anguished lineaments of his own kin,
  But strives to blot each trace
Of human semblance from the fallen lot;
  He sneers at brotherhood,
And swears by nothing save the hand
  That set him at his post,
And fills his pockets from above;
  He does not see
Those souls that balance on the edge
  Of this black depth,
That catch a fleeting glimpse, and flit away,
  Escaped alone
By fortunate slip of circumstance,
  Or by the woe
Of these submerged, vicarious ones;
  He works his sudden will,
And has no fear of aught beneath the sky,
  Or out beyond;
He holds the fate of scores in his hard grasp,
  Amused to see them writhe;
His conscience was a dry gourd in his youth;
  He deems himself supreme;
And we, believing in the sovereignty of right,
  Create a human hell
To supplement God's even wage of sin,
  And turn it o'er to one
Who has no faith, a scoffer in his deed,
  An atheist!

MARY STEBBINS SAVAGE.

A GREAT CITIZEN

The Life of Gerrit Smith

BY

CHARLES EDWIN PERKINS

CHAPTER XIX.

INSANITY OF GERRIT SMITH.

The attack upon Harper's Ferry and the capture of Brown constituted an incident that came near being fatal to Gerrit Smith. He was driven insane by it and it was found necessary to have him go for a time to the asylum at Utica, where he could be under the observation and treatment of his old friend, the distinguished alienist, Dr. John P. Gray.

The country was in a turmoil of excitement, the air being filled with rumors of a general slave insurrection. Suspicion at once fastened upon the small group of men connected with the Kansas Aid Society, who were known to have been most intimately associated with Brown and among his most active supporters, and who, not altogether without reason, were thought likely to have been privy to all his plans. These men were Smith, Sanborn, Howe, Higginson, Stearns and Parker. Frederick Douglas, William H. Seward and Joshua R. Giddings were also frequently mentioned in the partisan newspapers as men believed to be implicated with Brown in his treasonable foray. In regard to Giddings, the editor of the *Richmond Despatch* offered in his paper a reward of ten thousand dollars for the delivery of his body alive in Richmond, or half that amount for his dead body.

Parker was in Europe in search of that health which never came to him, and several members of the secret committee regarded it expedient to retire out of the country for a brief term, to avoid possible arrest. Sanborn was taken into custody at his home in Concord, after a vigorous resistance, but was immediately removed from the hands of the sheriff on a writ of *habeas corpus,* and in the trial that followed, released. In the Life of Judge E. R. Hoar, by Moorfield Storey and Edward W. Emerson, the account of the attempt upon Sanborn's liberty is given as follows:

> His (the Judge's) residence in Concord proved fortunate for his neighbor, Frank B. Sanborn. In those years the elements of strife between the irreconcilable opinions and systems of life North and South were hotly smouldering, and the issues were growing clearer, when the thunderclap of the John Brown raid startled North and South alike and precipitated public opinion. Concord was involved, because one of her citizens was a friend of John Brown, and might have been cognizant of this attempt. Judge Hoar, aroused late one evening by the ringing of the great bell of the church, heard from an excited messenger that the United States Marshal's deputies were trying to carry off Mr. Sanborn by force, and that his neighbors were, thus far, successfully resisting his abduction. He hastily issued a writ of *habeas corpus,* which the bailiffs, surrounded by angry men and women and the pupils of Mr. Sanborn's school, had no choice but to respect, and after some rough handling they withdrew. Mr. Sanborn appeared next day in the Massachusetts Supreme Court, Chief Justice Shaw and Justices Metcalf, Merrick and Hoar sitting, was represented by John A. Andrew, and was discharged. He had very narrowly escaped being hurried secretly to Washington, to abide the result of having disobeyed the summons of a Senatorial committee hunting for treason.[1]

It was not many months before volunteers by tens of thousands were marching southward, to the tune of "John Brown's Body," and to have had any part in the enterprises of that old hero was considered a distinction. But Gerrit Smith could never alude to the tragedy with equanimity, and to the day of his death his memory of the occurrences in which he had a prominent part, leading up to the invasion of the South by Brown, was indistinct and partial. A cloud obscured his mental vision of all those matters, and even the effort to penetrate it so disturbed his mind that he feared lest there should be a return of the insanity. For the family of John Brown, those who were left, he retained a warm and affectionate interest as long as he lived, and gave substantial proof of his regard in helpful ways. Of John Brown himself Mr. Smith never spoke or wrote but in admiring praise, commonly alluding to him as Hero, Saint or Martyr. Thus, in July, he received a visit from a brother of John Brown and announced his coming in the Diary:

> July 29. Frederick Brown (brother of the Martyr) comes this evening.

Some months later Brown's eldest son came for a two days' stay, and the Diary reads:

> December 17. This evening John, the son of our old sainted friend, John Brown, arrives. December 19, Mr. Brown leaves this a. m.

After not quite seven weeks in the Utica asylum, Mr. Smith was able to return to his home, Dr. Gray accompanying him. He was not well or beyond the need of constant and watchful care, but it was believed that his case could be attended to thereafter as well or better in his home than in the asylum. The event proved that it could be. In the course of a few months his mind emerged from the cloud that had overspread it, in all respects but the one noted, and gradually he took up his old pursuits. In the end he was quite recovered.

During his stay at Utica this letter came from a daughter of John Brown. It was in response to one written by Mrs. Miller to the family at North Elba, expressing the profound sympathy of the Peterboro household in the deep affliction which had come to them.

> North Elba, Dec. 20, 1859.
>
> Mrs. Miller—Dear Friend:
>
> As mother has *many* letters to write, she wished me to answer yours, thanking you for your kindest sympathy, and sympathizing very deeply with you and your family on account of your father's melancholy condition. And *we* do sincerely thank you for your expressions of kind sympathy in our deep and great affliction, for it is indeed very great and exceeding hard to bear.
>
> Affectionately yours,
>
> MARTHA BROWN.

Of the many other letters received at Peterboro during Mr. Smith's time of affliction, perhaps the reader will like best to read this from Theodore Parker. Less than three months from the date of its writing, the great heart of the writer was stilled forever:

> Rome, February 16, 1860.
>
> My Dear Mr. Smith:—
>
> It is with great pain that I have heard of the illness which the recent distressing events have brought on your much-enduring frame, which was so shattered by illness before. When I saw you last I did not think my next letter would be from such a place or for such a purpose. But such is the uncertainty of all mortal things. Some of the rumors relate that you will perhaps come to Europe for your health. If this be so, I trust I shall have the good fortune to meet you somewhere. We have many Americans in Rome—two or three hundred, it is said—of whom about forty are from Boston, not to mention the permanent inhabitants. So you

1. Page 126.

see you need not lack companionship. Besides, here are many more from Massachusetts and New England.

I feel great anxiety about the immediate future of America; the remote future I have no doubt about. We must see much darker hours before it is daylight; darker, and also bloody, I think, for nations don't settle their difficulties without passion, and so without what comes of passion. The slaveholders are in great wrath. I am watching for the Supreme Court of the United States (in the Lemmon case) to decide, as it must, that a master may take his slaves in transit through a free State, and keep them in it a reasonable time, subject only to his own caprice, but defiant of the laws of that State. Certainly the slaveholders must have eminent domain over the free States, and bondage must exercise right of way in New York and New England. Next year, or the year after, it must decide for the African slave trade. "There is one general grievance," said Oliver Cromwell, in the House of Commons, "and that is the Law!"

But I did not mean to worry you with a long letter, so with heartfelt sympathy for your sufferings, and profound respect for your character and service, believe me,

Faithfully and truly yours,

THEODORE PARKER.[2]

On the 4th of March Mr. Smith resumed his Diary. The entry reads:

Sunday. Owing to the weak and perhaps somewhat insane condition of my brain, I have forborne to write in this book until now. Last Sunday, for the first time, I went to church. I went in the a. m. only. Today I went a. m. and p. m. I long for a heart of greater love to God. I have been twice to Utica to visit Dr. Gray. My dear family are all preserved to me. My dear son was sent to Cambridge, Mass., during my confinement in the asylum.

Two months passed, and Mr. Smith was resuming his correspondence, his recovery having progressed at a rapid rate. One of his early letters was to his old friend Giddings:

Peterboro, May 12, 1860.

Hon. J. R. Giddings:

My Dear Friend: My handwriting will show you that I have come to life again. It seems that I had to run down in health from the time I had the typhoid fever until I reached bottom and was entirely prostrate both in body and mind. I am now blest with good health, and am free from dyspepsia and palpitation of the heart. My nerves have not yet regained all their composure, much of the year 1859 is full of confusion and darkness to me. But I read and write and attend to my large business as usual. I began to write letters 1st instant and one of my first should have been to you, especially since you gave another proof of your friendship for me and my family in the visit you made to them in their affliction. That visit was very grateful to them, and it will be long ere they will cease to speak of it.

And is even the Democratic party broken up by the slave question? Then surely there is no rock hard enough to resist it.

I have not yet slept away from home since my return from the asylum. Perhaps one of these days I will repeat my pleasant visit to Jefferson, taking my wife with me. I wish I could. I hope you will never come near us without visiting us.

GRAVE OF THEODORE PARKER, FLORENCE.

This monument, which was placed on Parker's grave chiefly through the efforts of Mr. Theodore Stanton of Paris, was unveiled Thanksgiving Day, 1891, in the presence of a select concourse of American and English travelers and residents. The unveiling was performed by Miss Grace Ellery Channing, granddaughter of the noted Dr. Channing. Mr. Charles K. Tuckerman, formerly United States minister to Greece, delivered an oration. A noble sonnet composed by Mr. W. W. Story, the sculptor who designed the monument, was read.

Among the contributors to the fund for the monument were men and women of world-wide eminence in the fields of letters, statesmanship, reform, science and theology.

2. Weiss' Life of Theodore Parker.

GRAVE OF THEODORE PARKER.—Florence.

This monument, which was placed on Parker's grave chiefly through the efforts of Mr. Theodore Stanton of Paris, was unveiled Thanksgiving Day of 1891 in the presence of a large and select concourse of American and English travelers and residents. Mr. James Verner Long, U. S. Consul at Florence, presided. The monument, completely hidden under the folds of an American flag, was unveiled by Miss Grace Ellery Channing, granddaughter of Dr. Channing. Mr. Charles K. Tuckerman, formerly U. S. Minister to Greece, delivered an oration. A noble sonnet to Theodore Parker, composed by Mr. W. W. Story, the sculptor, was read by Mr. Henry G. Huntington, at one time American vice-consul at Florence.

The medallion of Parker on the monument was modeled by Mr. Story as a labor of love. Among those who contributed to the monument fund were Frances Power Cobbe, Jane Cobden, Paul Bert, the French scientist and statesman, M. Renau, M. Godin, creator of the Social Palace at Guise, Mme. Jules Favre, Björnsterne Björnson, Frederick Bagir of the Danish Parliament, Dr. Martineau, Prof. Albert Reville of the College of France, Prof. F. W. Newman, Richard A. Proctor, the astronomer, Mme. Arenal, the distinguished Spanish author, Moncure D. Conway and others.

This photograph was taken in 1894 by the Rev. Mr. Pratt, at that time pastor of the Unitarian Church at Keokuk.

The inscription below the medallion portrait of Parker reads:

Theodore Parker
The Great American Preacher
Born at Lexington, Massachusetts
United States of America
August 24, 1810
Died at Florence, Italy,
May 10, 1860

His name is engraved in marble
His virtues in the hearts of those he
helped to free from Slavery
and Superstition.

My Library—No. XVI.

Whenever I think of the zest and profit with which I pursued my first readings in philosophy and metaphysics, and afterwards persevered in attempts to read understandingly Seely's Translation of "Schwegler's History of Philosophy," I wonder at my not con-

tinuing the subject to any extent for at least ten years after. Yet I need not wonder; for these were years of such strenuous and necessary reading of the purely technical books pertaining to my daily work, that there was very little time or strength left for following my tastes merely. Still, all along there must have been a more or less vivid memory of my earlier interest, and not only this, but many suggestions likewise of timely renewal when practicable, for in the neighborhood there lived a man whom one could never meet at all except on the basis of some sort of speculative discussion. Probably, however, my actual renaissance in philosophy was given its initiative by reading C. Stanley Hall's little book named "Aspects of German Culture," or perhaps more especially by his reply to a letter of mine, asking advice as to further reading and study. In this letter Professor Hall, then at Johns Hopkins University, most cordially expressed his wish that I should go on reading, especially in psychology, and offered to help me in every way possible, even to inviting me to prepare for a course in the university. From this there arose a mighty impulse to learn everything I could about my favorite subject, and almost to follow my bent in this direction irrespective of whatever might ensue.

As it turned out, instead of this, I proceeded to plod along in the accustomed way of caring for other people, and leaving philosophy and all its fascinations to those who had greater freedom to follow their especial inclination. Nevertheless, I eventually gathered courage to spend certain fragments of my time in the reading of philosophical books, and this became greatly strengthened by adding to My Library the "Biographical History of Philosophy," by George Henry Lewes, which I finished reading for the first time in March, 1881. It was fortunate that I renewed my approach to philosophy through Lewes; for I had been so long occupied with more concrete subjects, that otherwise I might have now discovered such an inaptitude for considering such abstract topics that absolute discouragement would have followed. As it was, the biographical, and especially the anecdotal features of the work, served to fix my attention agreeably, while the easy superficial style and treatment made it possible for me to gain interest in what the different philosophers had thought and said, in each succeeding period. Lewes may not have been as accurate or profound as others; but he certainly was a very good medium for the amateur in philosophy, or for anyone who was hopelessly "misty" on the subject. He knew how to select the interesting things, and also how to say them so strikingly that the common reader may find both pleasure and instruction, where he might otherwise flounder hopelessly. As I turn over the pages again, and re-read some of the sentences I then marked, such as "The Infinite is the origin of all things," "Creation is the decomposition of the Infinite," "The principles of mathematics were (to the Eleatics and Atomists) the principles of all things;" when I read that Zenophanes "proclaimed the Self-existence and Intelligence of The One," that Empedocles held that "Thought grows in men according to the impression of the moment;" that "Rest is force resistant, and motion is force triumphant; read also how Heraclitus came to his doctrine of all things as a "perpetual flux and reflux," which "never are, but are ever *becoming*," etc.; I realize as never before that so closely did I even then come to being exclusively a helpless devotee in the field of philosophy, that how I ever escaped being eventually forced to acknowledge with Anaxagoras on the day he found himself a beggar, "To Philosophy I owe my worldly ruin, and my soul's prosperity," is altogether a mystery.

As it was, I learned much from my readings in Lewes, and, what is better still, developed a clearer vision of everything I did know, and a firmer grasp to handle life with, as well. Ever since then I am sure my mind has been more alert to the deeper distinctions in all thinking, such as objective and subjective, real and nominal, material and ideal, and the like, as they have been presented to it. When Protagoras said, "Man is the measure of all things," it came as a challenge for me to try my mettle in antagonistic debate. And whenever I have thought of Socrates, with the simple "Truth" as his only object in life, and Plato, with all his scope and penetration in elucidation of it, and have also attempted to criticize with Kant, and to adapt philosophy to life with Fichte, and have been plunged into something like intoxicating revels in "Absolute Being" with Hegel, I have realized that, without the philosophical reading largely reinstituted by Lewes, life would have been much less interesting, and my usefulness much less than it has been in many respects.

In the same year, with the "Biographical History of Philosophy," there was secured for My Library a copy of Professor Bowen's book on "Modern Philosophy," which, beginning with Descartes, proceeds in its own interesting if not very comprehensive way, until the clearest presentation then available of Schopenhauer and Von Hartman is finally reached. In reading this book, I was somewhat reminded of my old love, Professor Cocker, although Professor Bowen's treatment is like his only in that he professes to look at all the different men and their systems from the Christian point of view. For his chapters on the two Great Pessimists, Schopenhauer and Von Hartmann, I was profoundly grateful, intellectually, at least, if not entirely so in other respects. For, as a matter of fact, one doesn't really enjoy having this old Earth made out to be the worst possible abode, nor its denizens to be the most miserable of all possible beings. Philosophic pessimism may be a good enough starting point, as Professor Royce seems to think, for every attempt to explain the world and its experiences; but for a resting place it is almost worse than any kind of earthly grave imaginable. Nor does the affirmation, that everything is the product of the "Unconscious," sound very inspiring to the soul, or quite true to the thought of the ordinary reader, at least. Conscious human beings we all are, certainly; and the idea of an universal Consciousness seems a little more harmonious especially when we listen to the music of the spheres as its highest expression, than any sort of conception of the unconscious possible. From my own emendations made marginally at the time that I read about Von Hartmann, I select this: "This universe is the only one compatible with what was originally present in the Idea—not the best, nor the worst," and it now seems to me this was a pretty close hit at the truth, to say the least.

As to the real "uses" of philosophy, I was in time to learn them rather fully, for scarcely had I once

more gotten hold of the philosophical terminology and definition sufficiently well to enable me to read with comparative ease, as well as enjoyment, than there came to me one of those terrorizing experiences, which not only disable one physically, but come very near to undermining the spirit as well. Only those who have been through similar experiences can see how near to absolute destruction of aim as well as of perseverance, such a stroke of Fate can be. That I had need of all the philosophy of the books, as well as of all the resolution that I could discover or develop for myself, I now see much more clearly than then, even.

That ability to read such hard and deep works as the field of philosophy had offered, was capable of bringing its recompense in a renewal of attempts in equally hard reading of other matter for the complete restoring of mental stamina and horizon, is something that I then assumed and now record with profound gratitude. After a course of studies in "Mineralogy" and especially "Crystallization"; after another in reading George Eliot's works entire and afterwards writing a long disquisition on them; after many attempts mostly futile to do something practical, I finally bought a copy of Morris' Translation of Ueberweg's "History of Philosophy," and proceeded once more to traverse the old ground under his leadership. But what a way of toil and trouble it was! It appears that I read every word, including even the addenda, of the two huge and closely packed volumes! On every page there is from one to many check-marks, which denote what I then thought significant. These everywhere pick out the gist of the matter, and today I find them a reliable guide to a quick and accurate review of the work. But if anyone really wants to try what stuff his philosophical being is really made of, let him plod through these volumes as thoroughly and as honestly as I did. Jacob's wrestling with the angel was scarcely noteworthy in comparison. But the good of it—the sharpening of perception, the broadening of ideas, the enhanced wealth of mental content, the extension of the panorama of the human mind in its various stages of development, all this and more will accrue, and the rising from the task will be one of deep satisfaction, especially if one have any sort of taste for such an enterprise. It was in these volumes that I first got a glimpse of Jonathan Edwards (Edwards "On the Will") on this continent, and of the great Rosmini ("Philosophical System," Davidson) in Italy. The first made me proud that America had actually produced a philosopher worthy the name; while Rosmini, in his works translated by Davidson, came later to be of interest equal to many others. "Ueberweg" is one of the works that I shall be glad to read again some day, when my philosophic demon urges me successfully against all the overpowering tides of so-called practical affairs.

Another period of eight years, during which my philosophic purchasing and reading was limited mostly to the series of "German Philosophical Classics," edited by George S. Morris, in which I found very much that was elucidative and satisfactory, brought me to 1892, when the brightest and best work ever produced by an American philosopher came fresh from the pen to my hand. It was Professor Josiah Royce's "Spirit of Modern Philosophy," a book to own, to read, to swear by, to love, to re-read and to praise, on all occasions. Here is certainly the core of all philosophical reasoning since Spinoza, and presented in such a gracious way that the ordinary story or biography or history must be very good indeed to hold its own in competition. Many a time I have envied the audiences that listened to the "Lectures" before they took the published form. I had already owned and read his book, "The Religious Aspect of Philosophy," and liked it, as I do still. There was the personal, serious note in this volume that won me from the first. And I was glad to note it even more positively in the newer volume. When I had digested this I wrote, at the solicitation of a local journal, my only review thus far of a book, in which I included references to the former as well as to the latter work. I there said, "To those who read the volumes carefully there must come moments of insight, of enlargement, of inspiration, not fully explicable by the masterly argument, the vivid illustration, or even the conclusion reached. . . . Altogether the two volumes cannot well be slighted by anyone who unselfishly cares for the serious struggles, the higher thoughts, the deeper concerns of the life actual and ideal;" and now I re-affirm all this without fear of convincing contradiction. The reading of philosophy, as presented in Professor Royce's earlier works, is as pleasant, as I am forced to say, reading it in some of his later ones, is the reverse. I happened to call on Professor Royce at the time he was preparing his "Gifford Lectures" on "The World and the Individual," delivered in the University of Aberdeen seven years after the appearance of "The Spirit of Modern Philosophy." During our conversation something of the ground to be gone over was touched upon, and I conceived an anticipatory interest that was as deep as it was happy. But when I came to read the volumes in which the lectures were subsequently published, I had to confess to a disappointment which I have never been able as yet to get over. It may be that the subject justified all his discursiveness, and that it cannot be fully discussed in any other manner. If so, I am sorry. For it strikes me that it is such an all-important one, and that both the World and the Individual have need of as clear, as well as careful, consideration of the topic, as may be possible. But as yet I have not been able, even under Professor Royce's lead, to believe that this has been done. Probably, however, this is simply another evidence of my stupidity, rather than of any failure on his part to emit the proper degree of light. This book, too, I shall try again, and, let us hope, with better success. Meanwhile I shall continue to read "The Religious Aspect" and the "Spirit," and I trust grow more "philosophical" with every attempt.

Some two or three years later than the appearance of "The Spirit of Modern Philosophy" I was told by Professor Royce himself that I should add to My Library and my metaphysical reading the translation by Professor James H. Tufts of "A History of Philosophy," by Dr. W. Windelband. Not until very recently, however, did I follow this wise advice, and then it was my good fortune to read it largely in company with a bright Holyoke senior, who was finding in it much that she needed. One does not have to read far in this work to discover that its plan differs largely from that of all other histories, and that its execution is entirely worthy of its unique conception.

The author's intention "to portray in comprehensive and compressed exposition the evolution of the ideas of European philosophy," seems admirably to have been carried out. That, too, it shows "through what motive the principles by which we today scientifically conceive and judge the universe and human life, have been brought to consciousness and developed in the course of the movements of human history," is obvious on every page. It seems to me now that could I have had this volume thirty years ago, I should have been saved much perplexity and have been helped to philosophical conclusions that would have been more satisfying than any that I then reached. This is the sort of History of Philosophy that gives one a proper perspective, that informs one as to leading essentials, and that gives one the consciousness also that, after reading it with utmost care in order to become even yet more and more familiar with its contents, it will prove more and more pleasurable still. To me the way Dr. Windelband presents the evolution of systematic philosophy not only, but of the ideas that have been common at different periods of history, is simply complete. My Library is proud to hold all these important philosophical volumes, among which Windelband must always be considered second to none.

Utica, N. Y. SMITH BAKER.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Apocryphal Period of Jewish Literature

Hebrew Thought Meets Greek Culture

A YEARS WORK

In the study of the Blank Leaf between the Old New and Testaments as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones in his Classes of Religion.

1913-1914

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothman

XXIX.

The Martyrdom of Isaiah

TEXT: *And they all lamented with a great lamentation because of the going astray of Israel.*

—Chapter ii:10

When we studied this lesson years ago, we studied it as "The Ascension of Isaiah," and under that heading was included The Martyrdom of Isaiah, The Testament of Hezekiah and the Vision of Isaiah, and these were so treated by Prof. Charles in a small volume published in 1900. Since then Prof. Charles has been at work on this last compilation of Jewish literature of this period, in which he treats with only one section of the three-section work, The Martyrdom of Isaiah. The "Testament of Hezekiah" and the "Vision of Isaiah" are left out because they are clearly not Jewish but Christian in their source. They belong to the early Christian literature and indicate how the Christian writers used the folklore of the Jews, the traditions of Israel, to advance their gospel of Christianity as they understood it.

The "Martyrdom of Isaiah" is a fragment which can easily be read in fifteen minutes. Isaiah is the great classic prophet of Jewry in the eighth century B. C. He constitutes the most stately figure in that quartet of Hebrew prophets that sounded the high-water notes of Hebrew democracy and practical religion,—Amos, Hosea, Micah and Isaiah. Isaiah stood for that spirit that Charles Sumner stood for in the fighting days for freedom in the United States before the Civil War. He was a great, splendid, ardent advocate of the right. Oliver Wendell Holmes called Sumner the "conscience of the United States Senate for twenty years." Some such conception we may hold of Isaiah. He was a contemporary of the great and good King Hezekiah. Isaiah was a kind of non-official, maybe official, "secretary of state" to this reform king. He held the confidence of the king and the king followed his inspirations.

Hezekiah comes down to us as perhaps one of the earliest, of the many, unfortunate rules who have had the misfortune of having a very bad son. Manasseh stands in Hebrew literature as a type of wickedness as his father stands as a type of nobility. He joined with the corrupt and corrupting forces of his time. He encouraged the worship of rival gods and encouraged rival religions. He was a degenerate son of a great father. This is about all we have historically, but human nature was not going to let Hezekiah disappear in that undramatic way. So again, in Alexandria, about the beginning of the first century of the Christian era, some poet gathered together the traditions and wrote this story of martyrdom of Isaiah. Briefly the story is this.

After the death of Hezekiah, Manasseh promptly conceived an antagonism to Isaiah and the whole band of prophets who stood for democracy and piety and all that was commendable, and so they were driven out of Jerusalem, first to Bethlehem and then on up into the woods and hills, where they were compelled to live on what they could gather from the trees and fruits of the wilds. But even in exile and obscurity they were hounded by the relentless politicians and the wicked king, and they were brought to trial and sentenced to death. One of the charges against Isaiah was that he claimed to be wiser than Moses, because Moses had said that no man should see God and live, and he said, "I have seen God and behold I live."

Belchira "brought many accusations against Isaiah and the prophets before Manasseh. But Beliah dwelt in the heart of Manasseh and in the heart of the princes of Judah and Benjamin and of the eunuchs and of the councillors of the king. And the words of Belchira pleased him (exceedingly) and he sent and seized Isaiah. And he sawed him asunder with a wood-saw. And when Isaiah was being sawn in sunder Belchira stood up, accusing him, and all the false prophets stood up, laughing and rejoicing because of Isaiah, and Belchira with the aid of Mechembechus stood up before Isaiah, (laughing) deriding. And Belchira said to Isaiah: 'Say, I have lied in all that I have spoken and likewise the ways of Manasseh are good and right. And the ways also of Belchira and of his associates are good.' And this he said to him when he began to be sawn in sunder. But Isaiah was (absorbed) in a vision of the Lord, and though his eyes were open, he saw them (not). And Belchira spake thus to Isaiah: 'Say what I say unto thee and I will turn their heart, and I will compel Manasseh and the princes of Judah and the people and all Jerusalem to reverence thee.' And Isaiah answered and said: 'So far as I have utterance (I say): Damned and accursed be thou and all thy powers and all thy house. For thou canst not take (from me) aught save the skin of the body.' And they seized and sawed in sunder Isaiah, the son of Amoz, with a wood-saw. And Manasseh and Belchira and the false prophets and the princes and the people (and) all stood looking on. And to the prophets who were with him he said before he had been sawn in sunder: 'Go ye to the region of Tyre and Sidon; for me

only hath God mingled the cup.' And when Isaiah was being sawn asunder, he neither cried aloud nor wept, but his lips spake with the Holy Spirit until he was sawn in twain."

This is a graphic picture of maryrdom. A dear, brave man misinterpreted, abused, going down in his unpopularity and defeat. He might have saved himself with a slight compromise. It was the same old struggle. If we knew enough to put the world Bibles side by side and interpret them with equal candor and justice, equal intelligence, I suspect that the Hebrew and Christian Bible would still stand at the head of the list, because it, more clearly than other bibles, has been able to identify religion with morals and the spirit of piety with exact justice and stalwart ethics; it has been able to do more towards emphasizing that right is superior to might, that "one with God is a majority."

The "wood-saw" is thought to be a mistranslation, probably a saw that would saw wood. There is an old tradition that Isaiah and the Christ were both to suffer on a tree or by a tree. Isaiah was sawn with wood and Jesus nailed to wood.

Lowell, evidently familiar with the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, has a poem, "Ambrose," which refers to this martyrdom.

In 1819 an English bishop, Laurence, in a second-hand bookstore in London, stumbled on an old copy of the book of Isaiah, and in the back of it found an Ethiopic version of a book called the Ascension of Isaiah. Laurence published the book, which led the continental scholars to take new hold, and today many scholars are digging up these treasures that have been considered by the dogmatic Christians as of no use. Theologically, so long as the Bible is accepted as an infallible book, we are dealing with unimportant material, but when it is treated as literature it is full of poetry, of the ferment of thought, and, what is better, full of folk lore, the growth of tradition.

The other two sections of the "Ascension of Isaiah," The Vision of Isaiah and the Testament of Hezekiah, are clearly of Christian authorship. Indeed the Vision of Isaiah introduces the Christ, and is full of that transitional fancy, not theological yet, which shows the growth of the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Resurrection, the Christian conception of angels, the Seven Heavens, etc. These things were growing out of the poetic mind of man and were not forgeries.

Isaiah sojourned in the conventional heaven of his time, the "Seven Heavens," which are also pictured in the Secrets of Enoch, and it is quite thinkable that Dante had access to this tradition, and perhaps copies current in his day. The books in the New Testament that represent this period are the later Epistles, Jude, Revelation and Hebrews which come well into the second century, a hundred and fifteen years after the death of Jesus.

QUESTIONS.

(1) Name the four greatest Hebrew prophets of the eight century B. C.

(2) Tell the story of Isaiah's persecution by Manasseh.

(3) Read Lowell's poem, "Ambrose," as illustration of power of bigotry.

(4) Read also Matthew Arnold's essay on "Numbers," the keynote of which is the Isaiah phrase, "The saving remnant."

(5) How did Bishop Laurence's discovery affect the study of Isaiah?

THE STUDY TABLE

Choice Books

I have two very choice books on the table, one from Houghton, Mifflin Co., entitled OUR FRIEND JOHN BURROUGHS. This is a well put together and gossipy story of most everybody's friend, the author of WAKE ROBIN. I do not like John nearly as well as that other John, John Muir, but I like WAKE ROBIN and PREFACTON, and if the author would let the animals alone, and spend less time trying to prove that they do not reason, why I should love him all the better. The best thing about Burroughs, however, is his absolute independence. He is himself every time. His autobiographical sketches interest me, but they ought to be put together by somebody else. I have a few letters from Burroughs about growing grapes. I imagine he has not grown a great many. There was a little story in UNITY from John Muir, in which he tells the humanity in oxen. It was in the July second number. It is a charming story, and you will find a great deal more about this superb child of the mountains in the volume I am reviewing. The two Johns fit together well, by contrast.

The other book is from Funk & Wagnalls' press, entitled *The Church, the People and the Age,* and edited by Robert Scott and George Gilmore. There are over one hundred portraits in this volume of the most distinguished religious teachers and preachers in the world; and they are good portraits at that. These are selected from all countries, nor are they taken for their orthodoxy. The book is decidedly liberal, with hardly a backward looker in the crowd. I open it, and happen first of all on David Starr Jordan, and in another plate I find a college friend, John W. Buckham, and Edward J. Hamilton, one of the purest and sweetest friends of my ripe days and in the same plate is Prof. Francis G. Peabody.

Summed up the book is a symposium concerning the present outlook of the church, as to spirit and creeds. It is made to hinge on the demand of Lincoln for a creedless church open to all who love God and man, for co-operation. E. P. POWELL.

America to Hold Radium Mines for Public Use

Secretary of the Interior Lane has approved the proposal to withdraw radium deposits in the United States from public entry. According to the secretary there are less than two grams of radium in the United States today, although in 1912 more than three-quarters of all the radium produced in the world was obtained from American ores. Radium-bearing ores are now sent to Europe, where laboratories in France, Austria, Germany and England treat the mineral by secret processes, and little radium is sent to the western hemisphere, nor can any be procured on short notice. It is proposed to erect a laboratory in Denver where radium ores will be treated by a process invented by chemists in the Bureau of Mines, and the radium obtained will be put in the hands of the United States Public Health Service for public use.

—*Popular Mechanics.*

THE HOME

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDEMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO

Helps to High Living

SUN.—Give peace in our time, O Lord,
For it is thou, Lord, only, that makest us dwell in safety.
—The Book of Common Prayer.

MON.—Another's sword has laid him low,
Another's and another's;
And every hand that dealt the blow—
Ah, me! it was a brother's!
—Campbell.

TUES.—There never was a good war or a bad peace.
* * * *
Men do not pay for war in war time; the bill comes later.
—Benjamin Franklin.

WED.—The warlike nation of today is the decadent nation of tomorrow. It has ever been so, and in the nature of things it must ever be.
—David Starr Jordan.

THURS.—It is time to face the fact that the world must patiently go to school until it has learned the great lessons of justice, self-sacrifice and helpfulness which will make wars and rumors of wars memories of "far-off, unhappy things and battles long ago."
—The Outlook.

FRI.—We who from dreams of justice, dearly wrought,
First rose in the eyes of patient Washington,
And through the molten heart of Lincoln won
To liberty forgot,
Now, standing long in peace, 'mid titans strange, distraught,
Pray much for patience, more—God's will be done!
For visions and for power nobly to see
The world made free!
—Percy Mac Kaye.

SAT.—They shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spades into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more!
—Micah.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer's evening—
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found;
She came to ask what he had found
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head;
And, with a natural sigh—
"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about;
And often when I go to plow,
The plowshare turns them out;
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were also slain in the great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes—
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for
I could not well make out.
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide;
And many a chiding mother there,
And new-born baby died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won—
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay—nay—my little girl!" quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the duke,
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he;
"But 'twas a famous victory."
—Robert Southey.

BLONDE INDIANS

Does the word "Indian" convey to you the picture of a person with black hair, black eyes and dark skin? Then change your opinion at once.

In Mexico there are many Indians who possess none of the aforementioned characteristics that are so often associated with the Indian. These strange aborigines have fair skins, blue eyes and light hair. The only Indian characteristics that they possess are their high cheekbones, their wide mouths, slanting forehead, and straight, Indian-like hair and shape of nose.

These people inhabit the Sierra Madre Mountains in the lower part of Sonora. They differ in many ways from all other tribes of Indians. They are supposed to be the descendants of the crew and passengers of a Swedish vessel wrecked on the Mexican coast long before the birth of Columbus.

Although quite primitive, their morality is high. They cultivate some corn and garden truck in the valleys, and are beginning to raise many limes for export. The men are large and well formed, and some of the women are quite handsome. They all retain some traces of their Swedish ancestry, and some are really fair haired and fair skinned. All are fairer than the average Indian.

Linguists who have studied the speech of these Indians say their language evidences a North European ancestry.—*The American Boy.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
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"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

THE MINISTERS' INSTITUTE

The Ministers' Institute, composed chiefly of members of the Unitarian fellowship throughout the country, has just closed its nineteenth biennial session at Newport, R. I. It was founded in 1876 chiefly through the work of Henry W. Bellows, the organizer of the United States Sanitary Commission. It has always claimed the best interest and loyalty of the leading men in the Unitarian denomination. It has been, as it were, a movable school of the prophets, meeting now here in some chosen spot, now there in some selected environment suitable for its purpose. Here the high things of God and the deep interests of humanity have been treated not only by the leaders of thought in the denominational fellowship, but men of conspicuous light and leadership have been drawn from the world's foremost torchbearers of truth and wisdom. . . . In the meeting just closed it was remarked that the attendance was made up chiefly of young men, and a fine lot of quiet, earnest, able young fellows they were. The veterans, too, showed a discernible youthfulness of spirit and were not without the bright morning face of cheerfulness, hope and courage. Despite the somewhat trying heat and the distraction and depression occasioned by the present appalling war in Europe, the Institute, in the quality of its program and the number and interest of those attending, was quite up to the high level of the past.

The Institute was the guest of the Channing Memorial Church, and the parish house was also used as occasion suited. While Dr. Channing was never pastor of the church, the fact that he was born in Newport, and for many years had his home there, made it seem quite fitting that the great apostle of Unitarianism in America should there have a suitable memorial. In the course of time, through the generosity and gratitude of liberal men and women all over the world to whom his name was an inspiration, the present structure was built. Some of the best works of the artists in colors illuminate the windows with themes of perennial hope. Just in front, across the street in the park, stands a statue of Dr. Channing in an attitude of ineffable benediction.

The opening address on Monday evening was by President Franklin C. Southworth of the Meadville (Pa.) Theological School. His theme was "The Preacher and the Poet," and with a strong, firm hand he traced their intimate kinships, relationships and functions. This was introductory to the address of the evening by Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt of Cornell University on "Literature and Religion." He did not attempt to define either, but he discoursed of them, without notes or manuscript, in a way that showed he had delved deeply and had thought closely on both subjects, speaking of both with full but judicious appreciation. His conclusion was that a religion that draws the most of its support from books, would perhaps not be the most fruitful; that the hope of the future is not here, but in direct communion with God, in nature and in humanity; that the great thing is to interpret for humanity its needs and hopes and desires so wisely, so kindly and with such sympathy that the world will gladly listen. "There are different modes of expression," he said, "but the same feelings and the same truth." On a subsequent evening Prof. Schmidt gave a timely address on the war, or rather the influences remote and near which led to it and our responsibilities in regard to it. It was an able and impressive araignment, not so much of the nations at war, but all of us, for not having done more to have made it impossible.

Very able and scholarly addresses were given by Professor Francis A. Christy on "The Theory of Religious Knowledge;" by the Rev. Joel H. Metcalf on "The Relation of Modern Physical Speculations to Religion;" by the Rev. Howard N. Brown on "Immortality," and by Prof. Wm. W. Fenn on "The Use of Experience in Religion." They were considered of such importance and meriting such close study that it was the vote of the Institute that they should be printed in full in some suitable periodical, and a committee was appointed to see what could be done in regard to it. There was a very helpful presentation of the character claims and promise of "The Religion of Today" by Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, who spoke of its "Ethics;" the Rev. Sidney S. Robbins described its "Theology," and the Rev. Albert Lozenby proclaimed the dawn of its "Faith." Stirring addresses on "Church Efficiency" were given by the Rev. John H. Applebee, who spoke on "The Place of the Church in the Community;" by the Rev. Edgar S. Weir, who advocated "Church Publicity," and by Mr. W. H. Sayward, who as a layman had a wise word to say about "The Organization of the Congregation." Prof. H. W. Foote and the Rev. S. M. Crothers discussed "The Strength and Weakness of Our Theological Schools," the second part of the subect being given chief attention. Dr. Feim and Mrs. Spencer were brought into the discussion and some vital things were said looking to decided improvement in training for the ministry. On the last day the Rev. Edmund H. Freeman, recently from England, described with sympathy and vigor "The Lloyd-George Policy," which has done so much already to make a new England.

The devotional meetings each morning in the church were well attended and were occasions of spiritual uplift of heart and will. They were conducted by the Rev. Sidney B. Snow of Boston, the Rev. John Lathrop of Brooklyn, N. Y., and the Rev. Lyman V. Rutledge of Cambridge. The hospitality of the church and its pastor, the Rev. William Safford Jones, was large and cordial and expressed itself in many ways, including not only the use of the church and the parish house and a reception, but in making personally conducted excursions to places of historic and scenic interest, covering delightful pilgrimages afoot and a long automobile ride around the famous Ocean Drive. This trip ended with a visit to the newly established school for girls by Miss Brown at Lolethrope, near the northern end of the Cliff Walk, where the pilgrims had tea and enjoyed delightful social intercourse.

As showing the broadening liberal feeling between denominations it may be mentioned that wherever the company went, whether to the ancient Jewish synagogue, old Trinity or the First Congregational Church, to see these ancient shrines of devotion, they were graciously welcomed as brethren. The last visit was to the new Y. M. C. A. building and the secretary took special pains to show the company over the splendidly equipped plant for social service and community welfare.

NAPOLEON S. HOAGLAND.

HOW GOVERNMENTS MAY RUIN PEOPLES.

There are no words in which those who love peace and humanity, and who have cherished their faith in the value of the world's best kind of social progress, can even faintly express their feelings, in view of the great war in which Europe has become involved. It is, therefore, the part of wisdom not to argue or to exclaim overmuch, but to use

such reason and calm judgment as can be brought into exercise. Days of reckoning will come, and the larger ends of justice will in the long run make their appeal to men and to nations. Plainly, the thing that is more wrong now than anything else in the world is the way in which hundreds of millions of civilized human beings are victimized by imperfections in their own methods of government. No large bodies of men in any European country could have wished for this war, any more than they could have wished to have their own cities or provinces swept by Asiatic cholera or devastated by earthquake, fire or flood. They have been led into the war by the mismanagement of governments.—*From "The Progress of the World," in the American Review of Reviews for September.*

THE REFERENCE LIBRARIAN

At times behind a desk he sits,
At times about the room he flits—
Folks interrupt his perfect ease
By asking questions such as these:
"How tall was prehistoric man?"
"How old, I pray, was Sister Ann?"
"What should one do if cats have fits?"
"What woman first invented mitts?"
"Who said 'To labor is to pray?'"
"How much did Daniel Lambert weigh?"
"Don't you admire E. P. Roe?"
"What is the fare to Kokomo?"
"Have you a life of Sairy Gamp?"
"Can you lend me a postage stamp?"
"Have you the rimes of Edward Lear?"
"What wages do they give you here?"
"What dictionary is the best?"
"Did Brummel wear a satin vest?"
"How do you spell 'anemic,' please?"
"What is a Gongonzola cheese?"
"Who ferried souls across the Styx?"
"What is the square of 96?"
"Are oysters good to eat in March?"
"Are green bananas full of starch?"
"Where is that book I used to see?"
"I guess you don't remember me?"
"Haf you Der Hohenzollernspiel?"
"Where shall I put this apple peel?"
"Oú est, m'sie, la grand Larousse?"
"Do you say 'two-spot,' or 'the deuce'?"
"Come, find my book—why make a row?"
"A *red* one—can't you find it *now?*"
"Please, which is right? to 'lend' or 'loan'?"
"Say, mister, where's the telephone?"
"How *do* you use this catalog?"
"Oh, hear that noise? Is that my dog?"
"Have you a book called 'Shapes of Fear'?"
"You mind if I leave baby here?"
—*Edmund Lester Pearson in the Secret Book.*

The little agricultural village had been billed with "Lecture on Keats" for over a fortnight. The evening arrived at length, bringing the lecturer ready to discourse on the poet. The advertised chairman, taken ill at the last moment, was replaced by a local farmer. This worthy introduced the lecturer and terminated his remarks by saying:

"And now, my friends, we shall soon all know what I personally have often wondered—what are Keats?"—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

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Sunday School Workers, Superintendents, Pastors

Have the FREE supplies for the observance of World's Temperance Sunday, November 8 (in most states November 1—in Ohio September 20), been ordered for your Sunday school? Make sure by cutting out and handing to your Sunday school superintendent the blank below. Millions of pieces of literature must be printed and all orders must be sent to us early, if they are to be filled. **Last year over a thousand schools** sent in their orders for supplies too late to be filled before the day. Every school should have its supplies three weeks before its Temperance day in order to properly prepare the program.

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